

Death

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2004-10-30 17:28:12

Updated: 2004-10-30 17:28:12

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:42:00

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,792

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Four unlikely people: A SPARTAN, a Droid, a person that hunts and kills evil, and the evil-hunters boyfriend, ally together to save the galaxy from an evil alien called Death. Rated R for sexual content, alcohol, drugs, violence, gore, and language. I'm t

1. Prologue

A/N: This is my first story in a while so don't complain about it if it sucks. I have placed it in the Halo section because the main character is a SPARTAN (or at least something very similar but slightly different) and I stole some other ideas from Halo (e.g. The Covenant, Slipspace, ect.) Please Read and Review. Enjoy!

****Prologue:****

SPARTAN-115, Adrian, strode confidently down the narrow corridor towards the Admiral's room. A woman wearing the typical light gray and blue uniform walked by Adrian and he turned his head to follow her. _Woah. Nice buns._ Before he turned his head to look forward he walked into the door to the Admiral's room. _Shit._ He pressed the small blue button beside the door and it slid open. Admiral Jacob sat in his very comfortable leather chair holding a PIU (Portable Information Unit) and a pistol. Normally Adrian would not worry about a pistol but he was currently out of his MJOLNIR combat armor. The new MK. 3 parts had just arrived and his suit was being upgraded. _What the hell is he doing with a gun. Aimed at my head._ "Adrian, I'm sorry, but this is necessary. You see, I have been informed by very reliable sources that you are a double agent working for the covenant. I and my associates are the only ones who possess the knowledge. And don't worry. When I shoot you I'll just say you tried to kill me and they'll believe me," said the Admiral with a grin. "And you thought you could just walk around like god without anyone realizing that you were a traitor. I was always wondering how the Covenant managed to find out the location of all our colonies but now

I know," he paused. "You. I don't know how they convinced a battle-hardened Spartan who lives to kill Humanity's enemies but it still disgusts me." _What the fuck his he talking about. I'm not a traitor. _Adrian looked into the mirror that covered the entire back wall and saw something interesting. He saw a small purple insect thing inside the admiral's head. It's tail was hanging out of the scalp.

"Sir, I am not a traitor. Sorry," said Adrian before pushing the desk forwards and diving backwards out of the room. The admiral's pistol got knocked out of his hand when the desk hit him. Jacob quickly picked up his pistol and raced out of the room. Adrian was nowhere. He keyed on the com and was about to raise the alarm when Adrian dropped onto him from the ceiling. Adrian adeptly knocked the pistol out of the admiral's hand and had him on the ground in a second. He grabbed the pistol and knocked the admiral out. At that instant a pair of guards rounded the corner and saw him. They raised the alarm. _My only chance is to get to the hangar. I need somewhere safe to think about this and decide what to do._ He sprinted down the corridor before the guards could shoot him and quickly turned a corner to get to the hangar. After another thirty seconds of running he arrived at the hangar. He opened the door and saw fifty armed guards waiting in there. He dived to the side faster than humanly possible and narrowly avoided a hail of bullets. He kept sprinting along the corridors but he kept getting blocked of by guards. He finally came to a dead end. He opened the door and went into the droid bay. The only escape from the room was sealed and locked down. A few seconds after he got in tons of guards rushed in. Instead of shooting him they moved up to beat him into submission so they could question him. Adrian quickly worked his hands deflecting most of the blows and every once in a while he had time to knock a guard out but in a couple minutes he was overwhelmed and blackness enveloped him.

Amanda sat quietly, deep in her daily mediation ritual. She sensed a growing evil present in the outer ring of the galaxy. An image of a purple insect flashed in her mind. Then the image of a man making an inaudible scream of pain as an insect burrowed into his head. After that she saw a thick cloud of red mist spreading throughout space. Her last image was an alien's face. It's species was unknown to her however. It had spiky mandibles, six eyes, no nose, no ears, and it had two horns growing out of its head. It had tiny spikes growing around it's eyes and it's mouth. The most disturbing part was that in the background lay thousands of bloody human cadavers, slowly coming to life one by one as purple ghost-like creatures flew into the mangled corpses. Amanda suddenly awoke then fell unconscious.

2. Chapter 1: Escape

A/N: At the end of every chapter I'm going to reply to any peoples comments. Once again, please Read and Review. Enjoy!

Chapter 1: Escape

Adrian woke up and found himself kneeling in a cell with his hands tied behind his back. His nose was broken, his right cheek was broken and he had tons of bruises and cuts all over his body. Everything was sore. _Fuck. This hurts. At least I have quiet to think in. The admiral had some sort of alien thing in his head. That probably

planted the thoughts about me being a traitor. It might be the covenant but then again it might not. I believe that not everyone had a bug but only the admiral. It doesn't matter since he commands the station anyways. Most likely ripping one out would kill the host but the bugs might be able to be removed surgically. I wonder how many of these bugs exist. What if every commander has one. That could mean that all of humanity would fall. No. I cannot be pessimistic. I have to look on the bright side. Fuck. There is no bright side. First off I have to escape and get some intel. _Adrian painfully stood up and observed his surroundings. He was in a plain square room with three metal walls. A force-field covered the fourth wall. On the other side of the force-field was a guard-droid. _The droid must be on security protocol which means it will be activated by motion. By my estimate I have about two square meters of moving space where it won't be able to see me. _Adrian slowly moved himself into the droids blind spot and thought about what to do. _First off, lets get these arm bonds off. _Adrian struggled for five minutes but they didn't even loosen. _Fuck. Onto plan two. Wait, I don't have a plan two. Fuck! _

At that moment the door to the prison cell opened and the admiral walked in with four guards. They looked at Adrian through the force-field. "GD-074 engage surveillance protocol alpha," said the Admiral. The guard droid activated and turned to keep both eyes fixed on Adrian. The admiral and the four guards walked right up to the force-field and stared at Adrian. "Tell us everything, traitor."

The droid blinked one eye, the equivalent to a wink and walked behind the admiral. Adrian didn't miss the blink. He walked up to the force-field and prepared for action. Every muscle in his body tensed. Suddenly the force-field deactivated, the droids work. In the blink of an eye Adrian sprung forwards like a jaguar and knocked two guard to the ground. He punched one in the face, knocking him out but the other guard rolled away and stood up. The guard grabbed his pistol and was about to shoot Adrian when a laser bolt hit his wrist, blasting the hand off. He screamed in pain but it was shortly ended by a laser bolt to his chest. Adrian walked to the locker in the room and opened it. It was empty. He grabbed two pistols and their holsters and put it on his waist. He grabbed an assault rifle and strapped it to his back, and finally he grabbed a shotgun. "Why did you save me?" asked Adrian, looking at the droid.

"I knew you were innocent. Our only hope to stop this threat is to track the evil to it's source. Then we must terminate the source. Our first step must be to escape this facility and head for the outskirts of the galaxy. I have heard the communications, almost the entire galaxy is under the command of the evil. It's spreading from the middle and the outside. We must hurry, time is short," said HG-074. "I have a plan..." said Adrian.

Amanda woke up, the vision of the alien clear in her mind. It was just a dream, it was just a dream she convinced herself. She looked at the clock and gasped. She was going to be late. She punched Martin in the shoulder to wake him up and she burst into action. She got up, changed her clothes and ran into the storage room to get her things. Two minutes later she was in the hangar and ready to leave on her ship, the Vulture. Martin was nowhere to be seen. She punched the hangar wall and ran back to her bedroom. Martin was still sleeping. She grabbed some of his clothes from his closet and shoved them in a bag then grabbed Martin by the hair and pulled him up. "Okay okay! I'm ready," he said and she let go of his hair. Amanda grabbed him by

the night-shirt and pulled him to the ship with him complaining every step of the way. Finally she got him into the ship and forced him to sit down. She closed the hatch, stowed the luggage and started ignition. "Please don't make me go, Amanda. I really don't want to go," he pleaded. She leaned over and passionately kissed him. She put her hand on his knee and slowly moved it up and up then stopped and pulled away. The look on Martin's face was of pure joy. "Okay, I want to go," he said, smiling.

End
file.